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# NBC

ADVERTISER **PAK AND BONE HOUR**

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE **WILLIE SANTO FORGET FLIVERS #130**

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

( **11:00 PM** )

TIME

( **THURSDAY, 1/17/80** )

DATE

( **FRIDAY** )

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS



ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers -

ORCH: QUARTET: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER: "You will see to it that the water, wood, and forage of the National Forests are conserved and wisely used." That was the admonition given the U.S. Forest Service by the Secretary of Agriculture thirty years ago, when the Forest Service was established. For thirty years Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers have been faithful in carrying out that charge, and the American people now have a splendid National Forest system built upon that ideal that "Conservation is wise use." This has been the rule that Ranger Jim Robbins and all other Forest Rangers obey; and in all developments and uses of the National Forests the guiding principle has always been, and continues to be, the "greatest good to the greatest number of people." Well, we're going to look in on the folks at the Pine Cone Ranger Station now while they're at home around the fire-place after another long day's work. There's Jim and Bess and Jerry there, and Mary Holloway, the school teacher, has just dropped in for a visit. Here's hoping Jim is in a story-telling mood. Here they are --



BESS: Draw up a little closer to the fire, Mary. Didn't you get cold on your way over here?

MARY: Oh no, Mrs. Robbins, I'm nice and warm. - Isn't it a nice cheerful fire, though? Did you fix it, Jerry?

JERRY: Yeah.

BESS: Jerry's a real good fire-maker.

JERRY: Well, I learned it from Jim.

MARY: I'll bet you've learned a lot of things from Mr. Robbins. Hasn't he, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, maybe. I don't know as they were all good for 'im though.

MARY: Oh, of course they were. - Mr. Robbins, can't you tell us a story or something - some interesting things you've seen, perhaps?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Seems to me I've told you about everything that even happened on the Pine Cone District.

MARY: Well, how about some of the other National Forests - you've been on a good many of them, haven't you?

JIM: Yep - at one time or another, but I reckon old Pine Cone District is as interesting as any of 'em. - Of course some of 'em have some problems that we ain't have - like the deer problem on the Kaibab National Forest in Arizona, for instance.

JERRY: You know, I've always had a hankering to see that Kaibab Forest with its deer.

MARY: Tell us about it Mr. Robbins. Did you see any deer when you were there?



JIM: Did I see deer - there were deer scattered from the low winter range to the high spruce and fir range. Deer every place. I didn't know they could get so numerous.

MARY: I've always thought Arizona was mostly desert - hot and dry.

JIM: Hot and dry? (CHUCKLES) Mary, you a teacher and don't know your geography any better than that. About one-third of the state is mountainous and covered with beautiful pine timber, and another third is fine grass land and smaller brush and trees. The Kaibab National Forest is 7500 feet to 10,000 feet above sea level, and not a cactus on it.

BESS: What an unusual name Kaibab is. Where did they get it?

JIM: Well, it's an Indian word, they say, meaning "mountain lying down" - a "plateau" in English words. There's an Indian legend that the Kaibab was made by the Great Spirit as a special favor to the Indians and given to them. It was their hunting grounds and every year they came and had big feasts. And then because of something they hadn't done just right maybe because they didn't fully appreciate it, the forest was taken away from them. - Bees, what became of those pictures I took down there?

BESS: Oh, I pasted them in the album. There it is on the table.

JIM: Hand it to me, will you Jerry? - Thanks (TURNS PAGES) Yeah - that shows the way the country looks - See? I snapped that from Jacob Lake Lookout Tower. It's 100 feet high. There's a picture of it.

MARY: My, that was a long climb. I would have gotten dizzy climbing up there.



JIM: No, you wouldn't. There's never been an accident on this lookout tower because of the way it's built, - enclosed and slanting. - See? - This picture shows the country. It's pine-covered, rolling mountains, no outstanding landmarks. It all looks alike, if you get lost. (CHUCKLES) That reminds me - Ranger Park started to a fire one afternoon in the government truck, and half way up the mountain he left the truck and started to climb the rest of the way - Well, he went up and up and found it wasn't anything serious so he put out the fire and started back to the truck. When he got back to where he thought it should be, he couldn't find it -- he couldn't even find the road (CHUCKLES) He'd been there a good many times before and thought he knew the country by heart but that road had just plumb vanished.

MARY: Did he ever find them?

JIM: Well, he hunted 'till dark and had to give up the search, so he snuggled up to the warm side of a big pine tree.

MARY: Well - does a pine tree have a warm side?

(JIM AND JERRY LAUGH)

JIM: That's what Park spent most of the night trying to find out (CHUCKLES) He sure got plenty of kidding from the boys -- getting lost on his own ranger district.

MARY: Oh, here's a cute picture! My, but you must have been close to these buffalo to snap this picture. See this little tiny buffalo, Mrs. Robbins. Wouldn't you just love to pet it?



JIM: They're really not so wild. The lot we walk within a few feet of 'em. You've gotta be cautious though, because they do sometimes charge a man on foot.

JERRY: How come there's buff in on the Kaibab?

JIM: An old Arizona hunter and trapper called Jimmy Owens killed a pair her in Houserock Valley. The state game department owns 'em now and they graze near to U. S. Highway 89.

JERRY: Isn't there supposed to be a spotted one in the bunch too, Jim? Did you get to see it?

JIM: Uh-huh. It's a beauty, - black and white.

BESS: Oh look here, Mary - here's a picture of a great big mountain lion.

JERRY: Did you take this picture, Jim?

JIM: Nope. That was taken by Jack Butler. Jack was the lion hunter on the Kaibab, but he never kills a lion. On the Kaibab they don't hunt lions just to kill 'em, they make sport out of it. Jack has a bunch of fine dogs and some nice horses and makes a business of taking people lion hunting, the same as the English people go fox hunting, and the sportsmen hunters shoot the lions.

MARY: (EXCITEDLY) Look at this picture. Oh Jerry, what a beautiful squirrel. Is the tail really white or did you paint it? Look, Mrs. Robbins, isn't it odd?



JIM: That's a Kaibab squirrel, Mary. They're the only ones of their kind in the world, and they're absolutely protected. No one's permitted before the Colorado River out the Grand Canyon, the Kaibab squirrel and its cousin on the South Rim were one and the same squirrel. Now they're different -- see? -- Just another example of change due to legislation. The distinguishing feature of the Kaibab squirrel is its bushy white tail, and it carries it all fluffed up like a white plume. It's got tufted ears, and its body is gray and the belly is black, and the back is dark red. It is one of the largest squirrels in the world.

MARY: I guess I can't have one for a pet then. Do you know, I don't believe I want any more any more either, after living here on Winding Creek and learning to love the wild animals.

JIM: I reckon you needn't feel that way about it, Mary. That's as Rangers look at it, it makes a lot of difference whether our wild life is taken for legitimate use under a regulated plan that maintains the resource, or whether it's just slaughtered. We figure fur trapping is a legitimate form of use of our National Forest wild life resource, and it gives a lot of people a chance to make a living. However, we're going to manage it so that there'll always be plenty of animals to spare.

MARY: I see. That's a more practical way of looking at it. -- What's this picture, Mr. Robbins? An ant bear? It has an opening on the side, though.



JIM: (CHUCKLES) Nope. That, my dear school ma'am, is a Navaho, the home of a Navajo Indian. They don't live on the Kaibab Forest, but there's lots of 'em in Arizona and you often see small groups traveling through the Forest. They refuse to adopt the ways of the white race. Instead, they live their primitive, outdoor mode of life -- See? They build temporary houses of sticks and fibers and and because they live a nomadic life, always in search of sheep forage. One family normally has several such homes scattered over the range for use at the different seasons of the year. There's some Navajo Indians when there used to be, since they put 'em on a reservation.

BESS: Do the Indians ever come to the Kaibab to hunt?

JIM: Yes, some of 'em come to the Kaibab every fall to hunt deer. But they have to pay their licenses and they're subject to the same rules and regulations as the white men.

JERRY: Say, Mrs. Robbins - got anything to eat? Some cake or something?

BESS: Yes, indeed, Jerry. I was just going to get some cake for us.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) You oughta know Jerry wouldn't sit very long without thinkin' about eatin'.

BESS: (GOING OFF) I guess you won't be holding back much, either, Jim Robbins.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Maybe not.

(PAUSE)

BESS: (COMING UP) Here we are. I'll let you out if, Jerry. -- Jerry, Jim this room is so stuffy. Is it warm? Won't you get that hat pipe for a little while?



JIM: (CHUCKLING) Why, Bess, I thought maybe it'd make me look like the fellow in this picture here -- That oughta give Mary a few heart flutters

MARY: Why -- why -- it's Clark Gable?

JERRY: Aha -- the handsome movie actor

BESS: Let me see him -- why Jim's in the picture too? I think Jim's better looking than he is

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Careful now, Bess

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Maybe Jim oughta go in the movies too

JIM: I reckon I'll stick to bein' a Ranger

BESS: Why is he dressed in that outfit and carrying a gun? Was he up there in a hunting party?

JIM: Yep. He got a few days off from the studio. Left Hollywood at 4 a.m. and he was up in the Kaibab hunting camp that evening -- Say, Jerry, you'd better look out, Mary seems to be quite taken with that picture.

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY HUFFY) Yeah, well maybe he's a big shot in the movies, -- but I bet he wastes a powerful lot of ammunition

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Maybe

BESS: But Jim, you never told me about deer hunting with Clark Gable



JIM: Well, it was one of the deer hunts supervised by the Forest Service. Sort of an unusual thing. I wasn't hunting -- I was helping supervise -- see? You see, certain hunting districts are outlined and posted and hunting camps established within the districts. We fix up these district lines so there won't be any hunting on the summer range. The top of the mountain -- that's the summer range, -is preserved as a game sanctuary and no hunting is permitted there. That protects the deer where travelers have the best chance to see 'em. Well, we have a central checking station where all hunters have to report, and get their licenses, and check in, and be assigned to a hunting camp. The hunting camps are operated by a private party under Forest Service permit, and they furnish guides and horses and cabins and meals and so on. We have forest rangers and state game wardens in each camp to see that all rules are obeyed.

MARY: Why so many preparations?

JIM: Because we've got a complicated game management problem on the Kaibab. You see, deer increase so rapidly that pretty soon there's too many deer for the forage available. That's just what happened a few years ago. They got so numerous that they ate up the range forage and a lot of 'em starved to death. We want to prevent any future starvation and to allow the range plants to grow back again but at the same time we don't want to have all our deer killed off. That's why we have supervised hunting.



MARY: I see.

JIM: The idea is that the deer shall be protected for their biggest use, which includes their value to summer visitors, and use in natural science studies, and sportsmen hunting. There's two ways we can keep the increase in a deer herd in check; one way is by sportsmen hunting, and the other way is to let mountain lions and starvation take 'em. The Forest Service believes it's better to make use of the surplus deer by letting folks hunt 'em for food and sport.

MARY: I think so too.

JIM: Well, the Forest Service estimate of deer in the Kaibab last year was about 15,000, which is about all the range can carry. But the increase in fawns is 15%, or something, over 2,000, so we limit the amount of hunting to the increase, and that way we'll always have deer, but never too many for the range to support.

JERRY: That's real game management.

JIM: Hunting on the Kaibab has been so well regulated that we've only had one accident in eleven years, and the year I was there 1974 the hunters got deer. Of course we have a little slip-up once in awhile (CHUCKLES) like the time a hunter came into camp late one evening and reported seeing a black deer, - yes sir, it was a black deer and no one had ever seen its like before. He had seen it just a short way from camp and it had darted into the brush and he missed it. The whole camp was all excited about it but next morning, when the camp manager went out to round up the saddle horses and pack mules for the day, he found his old black unicorn dead, shot by an over enthusiastic hunter.



JERRY: He wants to have had glasses.

JIM: Yes. We've tried other methods of reducing the number of deer where the range was overstocked, too. We've trapped them and shipped 'em away alive for stocking other ranges. It is a slow process, though, and there is a great demand for them. Here's a picture of the trapping pens.

MARY: Oh, that's interesting.

JERRY: Remember the time they shipped the deer by airplane across the Grand Canyon?

JIM: Yeah. They wanted to take some across to stock the forests on the south side of the Canyon. It was a long ways around, but only two miles across airline so we just crated 'em up and flew 'em across by plane. -- Killed deer alive, even shipped to 3 different states for stocking purposes, and for public parks. -- There's another thing, too, that makes deer management more complicated. Deer always return to their own ranges. If their winter range has been depleted by fire, it's their nature to return to it, even though they starve to death.

JERRY: Yeah, we had a tough time moving the deer when they came back to that burned range on our own district last winter.

JIM: Yeah. A fortunate thing about the District, though, -- they don't have many fires, and the acreage burned is small. Fire suppression is comparatively easy because the topography is so flat that any place on the District can be reached by air.



BESS: Oh, look at this picture. That's a splendid buck, Jim. What's this written on the back of the picture - "Jacob Lake Ranger Station?"

JIM: Yeah, that buck came into Ranger McDowell's yard every morning for salt, and he took the picture for me (LAUGHS) That reminds me. There was a wild white mule on the Kaibab that enjoyed braying every night by the Jacob Lake Station. McDowell objected on the grounds that the mule brayed off key. (ALL LAUGH)

JERRY: Look how clear the background is from underbrush. I guess the deer help to keep it that way.

JIM: Yeah, when they got so numerous a few years back, they crowded the underbrush down so close that a lot of it was killed out.

JERRY: And there aren't any down trees. Do they clear the dead timber away?

JIM: No. The place is just naturally like that. It's a favorite tall story, though, that the rangers keep the forest dressed up for company. Most places on the plateau there, you can take off from the road and drive your car right through the timber - if you're quick enough to dodge the trees. (CHUCKLES) That reminds me of one time I was riding along the road over on the Kaibab with one of our short-term guards - a fellow called John - he stuttered - see? -- Well, he was drivin' along the road at a pretty good clip, and we got into some loose dirt and it caught the wheels and pulled the flivver right off the road -- headin' straight for a big pine tree. I didn't see how we'd possibly miss that tree -- we were goin' straight for it, -- but John managed some way or other to swerve the car and we missed the tree by a hair. -- Well, John got the car stopped, and he leans back and says: "Y--you th-thought I was g-g-goin' to hit that t-t-t-tree, I-I-didn't you?" -- "Yeah," I says, "I sure did." -- He grins and says: "S-so did I." (LAUGHTER)

(FADE OUT)



ANNOUNCER: Well, folks, Ranger Jim has given us a little idea of how, under the care and management of the Forest Service, the game and other wild life, the timber, the range, and the recreational opportunities of the Kaibab National Forest are being managed on far-sighted plans to keep them of permanent value and use to the people of the United States -- I guess Ranger Jim has seen and worked on many a forest in his day, and maybe you folks would like to hear him tell about some of our other great National Forests. If so, let us know, and we'll see if we can't tune in at the Pine Cone Ranger Station again one of these days, when Ranger Jim isn't too busy to sit back and spin another story or two.

"Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" will be on the air again next Friday. This program is presented by the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

1s/3:20PM  
1/21/35

